

## The One With Chandler's Email

by Starway Man

Category: Friends

Language: English

Characters: Chandler B.

Status: Completed

Published: 1999-12-20 09:00:00

Updated: 1999-12-20 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 12:07:52

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,529

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Repost, no new text. Chandler gets into trouble with his bosses, over an e-mail received at work.

## The One With Chandler's Email

**\*\*Date written\*\***: Tue 13 Apr 1999

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**\*\*Warnings\*\***: The four-letter s-word is present, apologies if anyone gets offended.

**\*\*Summary\*\***: Chandler gets into trouble with his bosses, over an e-mail accidentally sent to his company, and his friends come to help him prevent getting fired.

**\*\*Title\*\***: The One With Chandler's E-mail

\* \* \*

><p>Chandler Bing was waiting outside the company boardroom, anticipating hell on earth after he walked through the doors. One thought was echoing through his brain: HOW did I get myself into this mess?<p>

Suddenly the door opened, and his boss Doug looked at him through the open doorway. For the first time in Chandler's memory, the man looked like he had no desire to slap Chandler's butt.

"The Chairman wants to see you now," he said to Chandler. Chandler

wincing; the tone of voice sounded like really bad news. "Okay," Chandler said nervously, and stepped through into the room.

He went up to the table in the boardroom, and waited for Doug to rejoin the other two men in the room. One was the Chairman of the Board, who was also the owner of the company. The other was Mr. Douglas, his right-hand man who had once been Chandler's immediate superior in the corporation.

The Chairman grunted as he was reading something in a file. Chandler had never met him before, and for some reason he couldn't help thinking the man looked a lot like the character of Colonel Potter in M\*A\*S\*H. Chandler mentally slapped himself; this was no time to start daydreaming.

The Chairman grunted again as he put the file down, and turned to look at Chandler. He said in a monotone, "Bing, Chandler. Data processor. Joined the company in 1990, stayed a temporary employee for five years. Afterwards promoted to supervisor in charge of Weekly Estimated Net Usage Systems, and Annual Net Usage Systems. So, you're the WENUS and ANUS man."

"Uh, sir -"

"I haven't finished!" he suddenly yelled. Calming down, the Chairman continued, "You had a performance evaluation exam six months ago. It said that despite the sarcasm, you were a team player. At the end of the year, you were almost certain to be promoted. But now THIS takes place!" he shoved a piece of paper across the table. "You mind telling me what the HELL is going on with you?"

Chandler could only shrug helplessly, and didn't know what to say. Neither did Doug or Mr. Douglas, who were only glad the Chairman's anger was not directed at them. None of them could read what was on the paper the Chairman had put on the table, but that didn't matter; everyone with computer access at the company would have read the contents by now. The message had arrived as an e-mail, and been distributed to all of the corporation's computer users. It read:

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Date:<strong> Fri, 26 Feb 1999 08:36:48  
+0100

\*\*Reply-To:\*\* ( 172211 at corporateanarchist dot com  
)

\*\*Organization:\*\* The Corporate Anarchist

\*\*X-Mailer:\*\* Mozilla 4.06 [en] (Win95; I)

\*\*From:\*\* \*\*A. Friend ( anonymous1 at hotmail dot com )

\*\*To:\*\* CB ( chandlerB at baywatchSHRINE dot org )

\*\*X-Sender:\*\* %7#!\_default\_ ( allusers at dataprocessing dot com  
)

\*\*Subject:\*\* Your company's plan sucks!

Dear CB,

Sorry to hear the latest about your company's plan to phase out the usage of WENUS and ANUS in data processing. I guess the old saying about committees being life forms with six or more legs and absolutely no brain, is true! I came across something out there that I think might cheer you up:

\_In the beginning there was the plan.\_

\_And from the plan came the assumptions.\_

\_And the assumptions were without form.\_

\_And the plan was completely without substance.\_

\_The employees told their supervisors, "The plan is a crock of shit, and it stinks!"\_

\_The supervisors then told their department heads, "The plan is a pail of dung, and no one can endure its odor."\_

\_The department heads then told the managers, "The plan is a container of excrement, which smells such that none may go near."\_

\_The managers then told the director, "The plan is a vessel of fertilizer, and none can abide by its strength."\_

\_The director then informed the vice-president, "The plan contains that which aids plant growth and is strong."\_

\_The vice-president then told the executive vice-president, "The plan promotes growth and is very powerful."\_

\_The executive vice-president said to the president, "The plan is very powerful, and will promote growth and efficiency of the system."\_

\_And the president then reviewed the plan and said, "It is good."\_

\_And the plan became policy.\_

\_And the chairman of the board said, "This is how shit happens."\_

Good luck at the office CB, hope the new system works out.

Best wishes,

A. Friend

\* \* \*

><p>"Bing, what this letter says - do you really think this is the way my company operates?"<p>

"Oh no, sir!"

"You really think your co-workers are a bunch of idiots?"

"Oh no, sir!"

"What are you, a broken record? Can't you say anything other than 'oh no sir!'"

Chandler just shrugged again, and decided to keep his mouth shut. He thought, quite rightly, that anything more he said at this point would only make things worse.

Doug cleared his throat, and said nervously, "Uh, in Chandler's defense sir, he didn't distribute that e-mail. He didn't even send it - someone else did, an outsider apparently, sir. And " and that someone else didn't even claim credit for writing that, uh, part of it."

The Chairman looked at him. "Who did send it?"

"It's impossible to say, the web site guards the identities of its patrons very carefully. As a matter of fact, the e-mail wasn't even supposed to come to our domain, there was a webserver crash which rerouted -"

"I don't speak computerese, you MORON!" shouted the Chairman. "Talk to me in plain English."

"Uh, yes sir. Basically, it came to everyone here by mistake, because the machines screwed up, sir. I mean, I don't think this guy was seriously implying any of that about you personally, Mr. Chairman."

The old man ignored him. He turned to Mr. Douglas and said, "Is that true?"

Mr. Douglas shrugged. "As far as we can tell, sir. I did some checking on this "Corporate Anarchist" organization. Basically, anyone can join just by subscribing at the Internet address, which is called [www dot corporate-anarchist dot com](http://www.corporate-anarchist.com). Very original," he snorted. "There are all sorts of freaks and weirdos there, they preach about everything related to big business. I mean, anything from the end of the world, to who really assassinated JFK back in '63. In fact," he opened a folder on the table and handed the Chairman a piece of paper, "I found this sir, it was put on their web site bulletin board not long ago. I think you might find it interesting."

The Chairman accepted the paper from him, and his attention was quickly focused on what was written there:

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Date: <strong>Mon, 22 Feb 1999 14:26:29  
+0300

\*\*Reply-To: \*\*( 289751 at corporateanarchist dot com  
)

\*\*Organization:\*\* The Corporate Anarchist

**\*\*X-Mailer:** \*\*Mozilla 3.0 (Win16; I)  
**\*\*From:\*\*** The Watcher ( watchman42 at aol dot com )  
**\*\*To:\*\*** Everyone ( allusers at corporateanarchist dot com )  
**\*\*X-sender:** \*\*The Thinker ( rodin13 at statue dot net)  
**\*\*Subject:** \*\*The ten-point corporate survival plan!

Dear all,

Here is some free advice on how to survive in today's corporate work environment:

1. Don't argue with the boss.
2. Always follow the Eleventh Commandment (Thou shalt not get caught!).
3. Consider any member of middle management as being guilty of conspiracy, until proven innocent.
4. Anticipate that nothing EVER gets done on schedule or within budget.
5. Never count an enemy in the boardroom as defeated, until you see his parking space reassigned and his butt kicked out of the building.
6. Beware of spiked drinks in the cafeteria, as they can make you shoot at the IRS auditors " and miss.
7. Make sure that if engaging in an office romance, the other person suddenly doesn't develop a strange fascination for films like Fatal Attraction or Basic Instinct.
8. Bring a hidden video camera to the annual Christmas party if you're short of cash, you can charge people money to see the wild parts the next working day.
9. Know that the people who run things can and WILL do anything to make sure no part of the blame ever attaches to them.
10. Keep your own ass covered at all times " and I mean, have it armor-plated!

Hope everyone out there find this useful,

The Watcher

\* \* \*

><p>The Chairman of the Board passed the paper to Chandler and Doug, who both quickly read it. He was looking very angry. "Bing, is this really the sort of thing you willingly participate in? What the hell are you doing in my company?"<p>

Chandler stammered, "No no no sir! This person's a crackpot, I have

nothing to do with this, or with him, I swear!"

Chandler then thought to himself, 'How can this situation possibly BE any worse?'

Just then there was a loud knock. One of the two doors opened, and Chandler's friends stuck their heads around the corner one at a time, one on top of the other; first Rachel Green, then Monica Geller, then Joey Tribbianni, then Phoebe Buffay, and finally Ross Geller at the top. "Hi," they chorused at the same time.

"This is a private meeting!" called out Doug.

"What are you guys doing here?" Chandler said worriedly.

The five of them came through the door into the room, and Monica said, "I got a phone call Chandler, we heard about what happened."

Joey said with a grin, "Yeah, so we came to help dude!"

'Oh no,' Chandler thought to himself. 'I'm drowning here, and someone just tied a block of cement to my feet!'

"Who the devil are these people?" the Chairman asked with a frown.

Chandler said hurriedly, "I'll take care of this sir, if you'll just give me a few minutes -"

"Bing, just answer the question!"

Chandler looked terrified. "Uh, yes sir. This, this is my girlfriend, Monica. And uh, this is her roommate, Rachel. The guy on the left is my best friend from college, Ross. Beside him is Phoebe, she's, uh, another friend of mine. And this is my roommate, Joey."

Doug frowned. "Joey â€ Joseph Tribbianni, right? You used to work here before you got fired, didn't you?"

Joey looked indignantly at him. "Well, no, actually I â€ I just got secretly moved, uh, transferred into â€ into â€ Special Projects! That's right, Special Projects!"

"Huh?" said Chandler.

Mr. Douglas also looked puzzled. "Special Projects?"

"Yeah, y'know, the secret section, Special Projects! I mean, I just came back from â€ from Yemen! Didn't ya know about my unofficial trip there for the company?"

Mr. Douglas felt uncomfortable as everyone stared at him. He especially didn't like the questioning look the Chairman was giving him. So he decided to pretend he knew what Joey was talking about. "Uh, well, of course! I was just - checking. Can't be too careful these days, y'know, spies everywhere -"

The Chairman looked at his watch, and sighed. "Can we get on with this?" he said looking at the ceiling for a moment.

"Wow, y'know your aura needs a good cleansing!" exclaimed Phoebe.

The Chairman looked around at her in astonishment. "What?"

Phoebe said with a smile, "You know, if I had my guitar here I could sing a song to cheer you up! Do you want me to go get it?"

Ross said nervously, "Uh, Pheebs, I don't think now is a good time -"

"Really?"

Rachel said quickly, "Yeah, sweetie, another time, definitely."

The Chairman started banging with his cane on the table loudly, and everybody shut up. He pointed his cane at the newcomers, and said grimly, "You people. Be quiet. One more word, and I'm calling security!" He laid the cane on the table, turned and looked at Chandler. "Now as for you, I've still got a few questions. First of all, who's A. Friend? And, who's this Watcher character?"

Chandler shrugged. "I really don't have a clue sir, we've never met - I don't even know their real names!"

"Do they have any idea I'm going to sue their asses off?"

"Sir, you'd have to find them first â€" they're so paranoid, they make those people from the X-Files look like Boy Scouts! I mean, I've heard that these guys assume anybody they meet outside the Internet, in real life, is going to pull out a gun and shoot them!"

Doug said wryly, "Well, it's not hard to understand why."

"Give me an answer, Bing, do they or don't they?" hissed the Chairman.

"Uh, not from me sir," Chandler gulped.

"Good," said the Chairman straightening up. "Douglas, get onto Legal, I want them found and a writ served on these people yesterday! Matthews, get over to your computer section, make sure this sort of thing doesn't happen again. Bing, clear out your desk before the end of the day."

Chandler looked stunned. "Huh?"

The Chairman looked at him in amazement. "Didn't you understand that you were fired, the moment you stepped through that door?"

Chandler gulped, "I â€" I -"

Monica started to look angry. "This isn't fair! It wasn't Chandler's fault!"

The Chairman looked at her. "Are you people still here?"

Ross said, "Look, this is a big mistake! Chandler's one of the best

employees you have â€" you can't lose him like this! I mean, no one spends more time worrying about the WENUS than he does!"

"You bet!" said Rachel urgently. "He works here so late sometimes, you should give him a reward for loyalty to this WENUS thing!"

"Yeah!" exclaimed Phoebe. "Hey, if I gave you a free massage, would you change your mind?"

The old man looked at her, completely astonished. "Young lady, are you offering me what I think you are?"

Phoebe glanced at the others, and then as she realized what he meant she burst out laughing. "Oh no, hey, I'm a professional masseuse!" she said in between giggles. "Why does everybody think I'm, like, a whore?"

"Well -" Ross started to say, before Rachel nudged him and he shut up.

The Chairman was still looking at them in astonishment. "What planet are you people actually from?" he asked, shaking his head in honest stupefaction. "Get out, before I have you arrested for trespassing!"

"I don't think you wanna do that, sir," said Joey suddenly.

The Chairman turned to look at him. "Tribbianni? What are you talking about?"

"Well sir, if Chandler goes, so do I!"

"What?" said Chandler dumbfounded.

"I'm not bluffin' sir!" Joey said defiantly. "With what I know about everythin' that the company is doin' in Yemen, I think we better negotiate!"

Chandler drew him to one side and hissed, "Joey, have you gone completely nuts? You don't work here, what do ya think you're doing!"

Joey came close to him and said in a hushed voice, "Dude, just lemme handle everythin', okay? I'm sorry, but I gotta do this, it's for your own good!" He stamped down on Chandler's foot with his shoe, the one with the partly missing toe.

"Ahhhhh!" Chandler yelled in pain, and started hopping around on one leg, trying to massage his injured foot. "JOEY!"

Joey ignored him, as Monica went over to assist Chandler. "Honey, let me help -" Chandler did so, leaning on her, trying to relieve the pain.

"Well sir?" Joey said to the Chairman.

"I don't like ultimatums, Tribbianni," he said in a threatening voice.



"Then don't make me do it, sir!" Joey said passionately. "Think about it, it'd bring a lotta bad press to the company if you fired both of us! Especially if we also sue for wrongful dismissal!"

The Chairman looked at Mr. Douglas again. "Is that even possible?"

The other man nodded. "Oh, yes sir. There'd be no way to keep it quiet, not if we got rid of both of them at the same time."

The Chairman looked around at everyone, and seemed to come to a decision. "Everybody out!" he suddenly yelled. As they all started to obey, he called out, "Except YOU, Bing!"

After everyone had gone, Chandler looked nervously at the Chairman. "You wanted to see me, sir?"

"Sit down, Bing," the Chairman growled. Chandler quickly did so.

The Chairman shook his head slowly from side to side again. "How did you get me into this mess, you idiot?"

Chandler said reflectively, "Actually, I was wondering the very same thing, maybe it's a conspiracy -" Then he realized what he was saying. "Uh, that didn't come out right, sir, I mean -"

"Forget I asked!" the Chairman barked. "We have a delicate situation here, Bing."

"Yes, sir."

"It looks like I can't fire you, but I can't just let this go unpunished. I'm going to have to think of something else to do with you."

"Yes, sir."

"Agh, if you say those words again to me one more time, I'll change my mind, and to hell with the bad press."

"Ye -" Chandler caught himself just in time. "Uh, I'm sorry, sir."

"Bing, in one day you've caused me more grief than every problem in the last five years combined! You know what? I ought to send you to one of my competitors, let you give them an ulcer!"

"Sir?"

The Chairman waved his question aside. "Oh, never mind. Get Douglas and those other two dummies back in here."

Chandler quickly went to the door, and Mr. Douglas, Doug and Joey came in. Joey and Doug stood alongside Chandler, while Mr. Douglas came over to his boss. "You want me to get your medication, Mr. Chairman?"

"Later," the man grunted. "Matthews, I want you to delete that message from everybody's computer. For all practical purposes, this entire day never happened, understand? If I hear anyone in the

company so much as mention this incident ever again, the guilty party will be terminated! On the spot! No matter who it is! Make sure everyone knows that."

"Yes, sir," Doug said fearfully.

"Tribbianni," the Chairman continued, "I told you I don't like threats. I've decided that as of now, you're out of Special Projects! Go back to your old job, keep your mouth shut, and maybe you'll be around here long enough to collect your pension."

"Cool!" Joey said grinning.

The Chairman looked at him in confusion, then brushed it aside. "That only leaves you to deal with, Bing," he continued.

"Yes, sir," Chandler said, starting to sweat.

"I swear, I don't know what to do with you," the Chairman said. "Douglas, what do you think?"

Mr. Douglas looked trapped. "Uh -" Then he looked like he just had an epiphany. "Sir, there's now a temporary vacancy in Special Projects, right? I suspect our research offices in Yemen need a VERY thorough inspection, from what Tribbianni's told us!"

"What?" said Chandler horrified.

"That's brilliant!" exclaimed the Chairman.

"Hey, that was my job! This is favoritism!" said Joey in a hurt voice.

"Shut up!" all the others shouted at the same time. Chandler then continued fearfully, "Sir, uh, how long would I be gone for?"

"Oh, as long as possible," said the Chairman in a dreamy voice. Then his voice hardened, and he stared grimly at Chandler. "But if you're back in less than two weeks, don't bother showing up to work here again. Douglas, send someone with him to the airport, to make SURE he gets on the plane!"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Douglas immediately.

"Good, well that takes care of things," the Chairman was sounding tired, and leaned back in his chair. "Oh, my stomach," he screwed up his face and clutched his middle, and then gestured irritably. "All of you, leave. Now. I don't want to be disturbed for the next few minutes."

The four men filed out, and the Chairman closed his eyes. All of a sudden, Joey poked his head back through the doorway and said hopefully, "Sir, is all this gonna affect my future prospects for promotion?"

The Chairman looked at him and shouted, "GET OUT!" Joey quickly disappeared, and the Chairman leaned back again, muttering to himself, "Ah, maybe I should go to Yemen, God knows I need a vacation..."

**\*\*THE END\*\***

End  
file.